

CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE

AND UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY.

VOL. 4.

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE." *Jesus Christ.*

NO. 41

PROVIDENCE, R. I. SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1828.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY JOHN S. GREENE,

At No. 7, North Main-Street (third story.)

REV. DAVID PICKERING, EDITOR.

TERMS.—The Christian Telescope and Universalist Miscellany is published every Saturday morning, and printed on good paper, with new type, in quarto form of eight pages to each number, with a complete index at the close of the year; making in all 424 pages to the volume.

The paper will be sent to subscribers at \$3 per year; or \$2 if paid within six months from the time of subscribing.

☐ To subscribers who receive their papers by stages (not in the mail) an additional charge of 25 cts. will be made.

☐ No subscriptions received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

☐ Subscribers who do not give notice of their wish to discontinue their papers, at least one month previous to the close of one volume, will be considered subscribers for the next, and their bills presented accordingly.

☐ Those who are, or may become agents for this paper, will be allowed 12 1-2 cents for every subscriber obtained by them, and 6 1-4 per cent for all monies remitted by them to the Publisher.

Miscellaneous.

EFFECTS OF UNIVERSALISM.

Universalists will not pretend to say, that the boasted effects created by the doctrines of most other sects, are to be witnessed among them. They will not, nor do they wish to attribute to their doctrine, those violent excitements, those pretended supernatural operations, nor those paroxysms produced on the animal passions, nor that assumption of apparent, though unsubstantial piety, too often created and fostered by the creeds of many others. It is the boast of Universalism, that she is calculated to enlighten the understanding, to instruct the mind, and reform the habits of men; by exhibiting the character of Deity, in its proper and most lovely form, as the friend and benefactor of the human race. To excite love and gratitude to him, for his principles and works of goodness; and to kindle in the soul, a flame of pure devotion to him; not as an arbitrary tyrant, but as a tender and affectionate parent, that has the happiness of his children in view, in all his works. Man, inspired with such views, considering the Almighty in such a character, with such designs, and satisfied of his infinite power, wisdom, and knowledge, cannot, if he would, would not if he could, withhold from that Being, his supreme veneration, homage, and love. These he takes for his key, to unlock the treasures of Divine Revelation—these be-

come his criterion of judgment, and his standard of doctrine: and his glossary to unravel and explain, all things mystical or obscure. It is thus, his mind is instructed and enlightened, however humble his literary pretensions; while those of much higher attainments in scientific knowledge, find themselves perpetually engulphed, in a labyrinth of darkness and perplexity. The difference is this—the former thinks nothing true, but what corresponds with the Divine attributes, while the other weighs those attributes in the balance with pre-conceived opinions, and diminishes their weight, till they are conformed to the principles of his creed.

From all these grand characteristics, so fully set forth in the works God, and so forcibly inculcated in the Scriptures, the Universalist learns the relation he bears to others: that we are all of one family, all are brethren, all have one common parent, to whom the whole are as closely allied as any part. Here then, he learns to consider the interest of others as his own—to promote their happiness as that of his brethren—to desire, to pray for it—to sympathize with them in affliction and distress, and to rejoice in their prosperity. In short he is actuated by universal benevolence; the spirit that is "good to all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works;" and this will of course be productive of every effort in his power, to fulfil the law of love, to all men. This, if we understand it, is the doctrine of the Gospel; all the Gospel requires of man:—This, if we understand it, is the morality of Universalism; what she demands of all her believers, and what every true believer, will rejoice at all times to perform, as far as possible. It is true, she does not descend to all the minutia of dogmatical formalities: for she knows that man is imperfect in knowledge and that the infinite diversity in human intellect does not admit of perfect similarity in matters of opinion. But knowing it the duty of all men to be good and to do good, according to their knowledge and ability, on this point she insists; and acknowledges no man as her disciple, who submits not to her moral requisitions.

Do we wish to witness the genuine effects of Universalism? Let us descend into the vale of poverty and distress. There, surrounded with scenes of wretchedness, you will find a genuine Universalist, with a purse open if fortune has blessed him, and a hand of liberality to extend relief to the indigent and needy. But if this be beyond his means, you will find him with a heart to feel, with a bosom to heave, and a sympathetic tear to drop, for the anguish of an unhappy fellow being. Go

where the defenceless widow and the helpless orphan dwell: There shall you find him soothing their anguish, lightening their burdens, meliorating their griefs, mitigating their sorrows, and relieving their wants. The houseless wanderer, with him finds a shelter from the tempest, from the Sun's scorching beams by day, or the chill damps by night—there the weary finds a resting place, and the hungry, a festal board. And here too, the miscreant that treads the path of vice, will find a friendly counsellor, to admonish him of his faults, and reclaim him from the ways of error. All this may be found among people of every order; but wherever found, it is the effect of the same benevolent spirit, that constitutes the vital essence of Universalism;—which induces every good man, of every order, to desire, pray, hope, and labor, for the happiness of all men. A partial God, a partial spirit, a partial creed, a partial benevolence could never mature fruits. All those are merely speculative in the good man's mind; created and imbibed, more from education or fear, than any thing else. They answer to teach children—they answer to carry to church—they answer for the priest to keep the people in awe—they answer to advance our interest and popularity in the world. But they will not answer for the good man to carry to the throne of grace, into the habitation of want, nor the house of mourning. No; he dismisses them there; and there where his real religion shines with its brightest lustre, you invariably find him actuated with the spirit of Universalism. His partial creed may bear him company to the grave of a deceased friend or neighbour; but further it extends not. It is there obscured—absorbed—lost—in the hope that animates the breast of the Universalist, that God will save all men at last. He that knows what Universalism is, he that knows what Universalists are, if they fulfil the requisitions of their system, should blush to inquire, what are the good effects of the doctrine? He that knows neither, should be ashamed to remain ignorant of them, when he may so easily obtain information, and still more so, to persevere in unhallowed opposition and bitter persecution, which must originate either in ignorance or the worst of malignant feelings.—*Liberalist.*

A great number of substitutes for ardent spirits have been recommended, and a great many remedies for intemperance invented; but the best substitute is believed to be "Adam's Ale," alias, pure water, and the only remedy which can be relied on "entire abstinence."—*Williamston Ado.*

AMERICAN HERMITESS.

Sarah Bishop is a person of about 50 years of age. About 30 years ago, she was a lady of considerable beauty, with a competent share of mental endowments and education; she was possessed of a handsome fortune, but was of a tender and delicate constitution; she enjoyed but a low degree of health, and could be hardly comfortable without constant recourse to medicine and careful attendance; and was often heard to say, that she dreaded no animal on earth but man. Disgusted with man, and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago she withdrew herself from all human society, and in the bloom of life, resorted to the mountains which divide Salem from North Salem, near N. York, where she has spent her days in a cave or rather cleft of the rock. As you pass the southern and elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern steep, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock, in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending half a mile, to the pond called Long Pond. In the front of the rock, on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, appears a large frustum of the rock, of a double fathom in size, thrown out by some unknown convulsion in nature, and lying in front of the cavity from which it was rent, partly enclosing the mouth, and forming a room: the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion. This cavity is the habitation of the hermitess in which she has passed the best of her years, excluded from all society; she keeps no domestic animals, not even fowl, cat or dog. Her little plantation, consisting of half an acre, is cleared of its wood, and reduced to grass, where she has raised a few peach trees, and yearly plants a few hills of beans, cucumbers, and potatoes; the whole is surrounded with a luxuriant grape-vine, which overspreads the surrounding wood, and is very productive. On the opposite side of this little tenement, is a fine fountain of excellent water; at this fountain we found the wonderful woman whose appearance it is a little difficult to describe; indeed, like nature in its first state, she was without form. Her dress appeared little else than one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured all human shape, excepting her head, which was clothed with a luxuriance of lank grey hair descending on every side, as time had formed it, without any covering or ornament. When she discovered our approach, she exhibited the appearance of a wild and timid animal, she started and hastened to her cave, which she entered, and barricaded the entrance with old branches pulled from the decayed trees. We approached this humble habitation, and after some conversation with its inmate, obtained liberty to remove the palisades and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate one person. We saw no utensil either for labor or cookery, save an old pewter basin and gourd shell, no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there, no bed clothes of any kind, nor the least appearance of food or fire. She had, indeed, a place in one corner of the cell, where a fire had sometime been kindled, but it did not appear there had been one for several months. To confirm this, a gentleman says he passed her cell five or six days after the fall of snow in the beginning of March, that she had no fire then, and had not been out since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe season, is yet a mystery; she says she eats but little flesh of any kind; in the summer she lives on berries, nuts and roots. We conversed with her for some time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and entirely happy in her situation; of this she has given repeated proofs by refusing to quit this dreary abode. She keeps a bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time in reading it.

An implicit confidence should never be placed in books. Regard them with the same caution you observe with men; choose the most rational, examine them, but decide only from the evidence of fact and demonstration.

"LEAVE THY FATHERLESS CHILDREN TO ME."

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." "Present and precious Saviour, I accept thy pledge," said the bereaved mourner, as she folded her cherub boy to her widowed bosom. "Thou wilt be my God, and the God of my little one! I give him to thee, my Father! I ask not for him temporal benefits; but oh! bless him abundantly with thy love, and mould him in thine own image!" She kissed the holy book while kneeling before it, as if to seal the sacred compact which her lips had uttered. Tears were fast dropping from her eyes, yet they seemed any thing but tears of sorrow. Confiding love, and meek devotion, gave to her countenance a seraph's sweetness, as if the recording angel, when he received, her offering, had left the impress of his heavenly spirit.

It is not enough to say that the heart of the suppliant was fashioned in its bereavement: She was even made to rejoice in that tribulation which had united her so manifestly to the "High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternally." The frail tendril clasps in its weakness the unyielding oak, and depends upon its strength and power for support and shelter amid destroying tempests; but not so securely and confidently as the hopes of the widowed one were all entwined around her Saviour's love—her promises of mercy and protection.

"Leave thy fatherless children—I will preserve them alive!" This promise is doubtless intended to be taken in a spiritual sense more particularly; and while its sweetness in such an extended view should fill our hearts with gratitude, at the wondrous compassion which prompted it, we should be tremblingly fearful of ourselves, lest we fall short of the trusting spirit which is required of us. Mary, in the fulness of her faith at this moment, believed that the promise was for this world, as well as for the next—that her son should be spared for his mother's consolation while she remained on earth—that together they should enjoy that "mansion not made with hands eternal in the heavens;" and she rapturously thanked the Spirit who had come into her heart to awaken, to purify, and to comfort, when it had been chilled and crushed by the coldness and desolation of the grave. One year had seen her widowed, and the peculiar blessings proffered to the desolate had been more than fulfilled to her. Her peaceful habitation was surrounded by all those beauties of nature which so irresistibly lead the pious mind to nature's God. The placid lake and verdant fields remind her of the "still waters and green pastures" where Jesus leads his flocks. The mountains which seemed placed like sentinels for safety and protection, whispered to her spirit, "So stands the Lord about his saints, to guard them from their foes." The golden clouds spoke of the glorious home above them, and of the happy and beloved being who had gone there before her.

Thus communing with her God, and teaching her little one to hush his praises and bow to him in prayer, the days had passed away imperceptibly, and the anniversary of her loneliness had dawned upon her still drawing support from the only fountain which can truly yield it.

"As thy day is, shall thy strength be," is the sure promise of Him, who cannot lie. Accordingly on the first return of that period when the recollection of her trial would naturally recur with all the withering powers of a bereavement, she had no sooner bowed her knees to supplicate strength, and resignation and support, than, as I have stated an emanation from Deity appeared to come down and encircle the petitioning spirit with its own bright halo of joy and holiness, into which nothing tinged by the sorrows of earth, dared enter.

Moments and hours passed on in such communion as the world knows nothing of, and the day which had dawned with unusual splendour, was almost instantly transformed into one of threatening darkness. Clouds of portentous meaning hurried like spirits of evil across the fair heavens, collecting and crowding together their black and gigantic masses until they seemed almost to touch the earth, threatening to deluge it with instant fury. What an awakening for

the mother from that dream of heaven which had entered her soul! Her first thought was for the safety of her nursing who was more than life to her. She looked around, expecting to meet his cherub smile, but he was no where to be seen! She called, but no glad voice responded to her own—no gentle footsteps gave token that her summons were attended to. Every crevice in the house was instantly explored with fearful and troubled haste; and when heart sick she returned from the last, she faintly murmured, "Father let not my faith forsake me!" Her anxious eye wandered over the face of nature; but nothing bearing animation met its gaze. Even the brute creation had retreated, terrified, from the unwonted spectacle; and the noble and courageous hound, which never retires from danger, shrank in trembling wonder from the terrific manifestations of the Deity.

A mother's heart fears not the tempest's fury, when alarmed for the safety, of her offspring. Mary rushed forth into the midst of it. Her distracted looks were turned towards the lake that had so often called forth her admiring gratitude to the wonderful Architect of the Universe. Its turbid waves were beating each other with all the fury of contending passion: and forgetful of every thing but her fears, she flew towards it with the sickening apprehension that her son, her dear son, might be buried in its bosom. With the speed of the hurricane she reached the shore—she saw the child: He was at a little distance in a boat filled with boys, terrified at the almost certain prospect of instant death! What can the mother do? Terrific billows now rise foaming between her and the object of her intense solicitude. They recede, and the frail bark is once more visible. She sees the imploring arms of her little one stretched out to her for succor. Oh! could she but reach the boat? 'Tis vain, 'tis vain! and all her shrieks for help are only echoed by the roaring tempest! Once more! Oh, he has sunk upon his knees; his little hands are raised to heaven, as if he had ceased to struggle, and was looking towards that home which now would soon receive him.

The heart of the widowed one melted at this spectacle—She knelt upon the sands subdued and silent. She bowed her head in meekness, faintly murmuring, "Oh, Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" She would have added, "Not my will but thine be done!" but a plunge into the waves, and a shriek, as if from the very depth of the waters interrupted this resignation of the last link to earth, and she sunk senseless upon the shore; while the storm, as if exulting in the misery it had accomplished, howled over her in ceaseless ravings.

Shall I tell of the mother's waking, from the happy unconsciousness which had shrouded her vision from so many horrors? Cold, trembling lips, pressed close to hers. Arms, clinging with almost frantic fondness around her neck; and a soft, but dispiriting voice crying out, "Mother! dear mother! wake up! arousing her to life, to happiness, to adoration!"

The orphan boy was the only one saved among so many! A stranger, attracted from his fire-side by the wailing shrieks, had generously braved the billows, and was providentially directed to this child of many prayers.

I would say, "Trust in the Lord at all times; for He has never failed those who diligently seek Him! Trust in the Lord!"

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM A FATHER, TO A SON, WHO HAD JUST LEFT HOME TO ENTER UPON THE DUTIES OF HIS PROFESSION.

Dear Son—In initiating yourself into society, keep a strict eye upon yourself, that you may not fall into a practice made use of by many of the gentlemen (as they style themselves) of the present day. I mean that of making use of dishonorable means to raise yourself, or to excel some one, in the esteem of a friend or acquaintance. More especially in the company of Ladies by endeavoring to make yourself more agreeable and entertaining, for you will infallibly render yourself ridiculous. What entertain-

ment can it afford a lady of taste and sense, when a friend calls to see her, to be obliged to sit and listen to a conversation which arises from envy and malice, and when the only object is to make one's self popular, by endeavouring to render some one else unpopular? Such a conversation, may be clouded with a seeming show for entertainment, but a scrutinizing eye, will always discover in it, the secret springs of detraction. And what renders it still more ridiculous (as practiced by many) is, that it is always aimed at some person whose name and reputation is established, and raised far above the level of the one, who make use of this odious practice. To a lady of refined sensibilities, nothing is more pleasant, than an agreeable company, composed of both sexes. The only true method of rendering one's self agreeable and a good companion, is, to appear well pleased and entertained, rather than to endeavour to please others. To choose some rational and select conversation, and let your ideas be expressed with a delicacy of sentiment, which will blend dignity with familiarity. There is nothing that will sooner break up all harmony amongst a circle of acquaintance, than the evils that I have mentioned.

I am, &c. your Father.

Smithfield, June 19. 1828.

TIGHT DRESSING.

"In the course of a lecture on the Structure and Functions of the Human Frame, recently delivered at the Bristol Institution by Mr. Estlin, that gentleman, after exhibiting in an animal the natural situation of the viscera contained within the trunk of the body, referred his audience to the skeleton, for the purpose of showing how easily and how injuriously any tight dress round the body must effect the important organs within. If the ribs are prevented from freely expanding during the inspiration by an external pressure, shortness of breath on the slightest exertion, and palpitation of the heart, are the consequences. Any thing tight below the ribs, on the part called the waist, is still more injurious, as here no bony protection exists, for the delicate organs within. A great mistake, he observed, seems to exist as to the natural form of the body at this part, it being usually supposed that the disproportion between the circumference of the chest is far greater than it really is; he recommended his audience to study Baily's beautiful statue of Eve, in the Institution, for juster ideas of the proportions of the human figure. A frightful train of stomach and pulmonary complaints are the effect of the mode of tight dressing of the present day; and though to the customs of society a degree of deference is due, he was convinced that good sense enough exists to allow of any who wished it, to pay a sufficient attention to dress, without incurring the charge of singularity of affection on the one hand, or injuring health on the other. A little astronomical figure he thought, would be a good appendage to the toilet: it would lead the votary of fashion to imagine that the heart was praying for room to palpitate; the lungs for liberty to perform their important office for purifying the blood; the stomach would supplicate for space to exercise its necessary functions of digestion; and the thousand of absorbing vessels in the intestines would entreat that destructive pleasure might not disable them from their indispensable duty of extracting nutriment from the food, and carrying life and strength, and energy to every part of the system.

A Mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old sly Bonze, who followed him through several streets and bowed often to the ground, thanking him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" cried the Mandarin. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." No, replied the other, but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself: there is no difference between us, but this, you have the trouble of watching them and that is an employment I don't much desire."

FROM THE GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

A SERMON.

By L. S. Everett—Editor.

"Lord save us; we perish."—Matthew viii. 25.

There are very few incidents connected with our Saviour's life, better calculated for moral and religious improvement, than that which is expressed by the words connected with those just read. We are informed, that on a certain time, our Saviour visited Capernaum, where he performed many wonderful works. At length he visited the house of Peter, whose wife's mother was sick of a fever. After having touched her hand, and restored her to health, he cured many who were afflicted with of disorders. All this was done that the prophecy might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah; which declared of the promised Messiah, that he should take our infirmities, and bear our sicknesses. Seeing that there was a great multitude of people collected at that place, he directed his disciples to depart with him to the other side of the water, into the country of the Gergesenes. After he had entered into the ship, his disciples followed him. And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him and awoke him, saying, *Lord, save us; we perish!* He gently rebuked them for a want of faith, —issued his instructions to the boisterous elements, and there was a great calm! The men marvelled at his power: admired his kindness, and doubtless rejoiced at their deliverance.

This is the brief history of those circumstances which elicited the devout aspirations of the disciples of Christ, which have been selected for our consideration at this time; and after we have attended, for one moment, to one or two points of doctrine involved in the text, we will undertake to show the moral application of it to our condition as men.

We find in this text, a prayer or petition to Christ, for *Salvation*. This prayer, it is true, is short; but the peculiar circumstances under which it was uttered, forbid a doubt as to its sincerity. There appears to be nothing like affectation or hypocrisy in it; nor can we reasonably presume that it was uttered with any desire to receive applause from men. It was the offering of an ardent desire for deliverance; a desire to be rescued from the jaws of death! And what is peculiar in this transaction, is the fact, that the petitioners utterly despaired of obtaining deliverance from a watery grave, by their own exertions. They had tried every mean within their power to save the ship, but at last gave up all hopes of escape, and repaired to Christ,—awoke him, and uttered their request. Here was no jarring of interests, no contention about names and sects, and no desire to be distinguished from other men; but all with one consent united their strength, and with one voice exclaimed, *Lord, save us; we perish!* And what is still more worthy of notice, is the entire confidence with which they repaired to

Christ. Their disappointment in the use of all other means, appeared not to have discouraged them, so far, as to occasion any distrust as to the ability of Christ to do what they desired; but, although this was their last resort, yet they appeared willing to trust their all in the hands of him who was mighty to save.

But it is worthy of remark, that even those disciples, who had witnessed the marvellous displays of a Saviour's power, never repaired to Christ for help until they had exhausted their own strength in trying to save themselves. Every thing that promised relief was done that could be done. Each sail was disposed of to the best advantage; each rope was fastened to its place; each man was at his post; the helm was carefully managed; the pilot was upon the look-out; and each foaming wave was observed with care and encountered with skill! But all this did not answer. The tottering vessel was ultimately plunged into the yawning abyss and driven with fury to the top of foaming billows, as it were, to contend against the fearful odds of the raging elements! Hence, their last resort was Christ. The winds and waves continued to rage, and they, for these reasons, exclaimed, "*Save Lord; we perish!*"

One thing more, and we may proceed.—The word "*perish*," is used in the text to denote the distressed condition of those who applied to Christ for help. They apprehended that a watery grave awaited them. The horrors of their condition cannot be described. 'Tis true they were possessed of much faith; and their confidence in God and his Son, was strong and comparatively pure;—but to die under such circumstances was truly awful.—No friendly hand was near to smooth their dying pillow—no child was there to drop the tear of affection—no mother could lean over their couch to anticipate their wants or supply them—no wife could breathe the gentle sigh over her husband—and no father could close their eyes or perform over them the last offices of parental affection: but all before them was gloom, and wretchedness, and abject misery! True, they looked beyond these scenes of tempestuous life and agonizing death to those bright and blissful regions beyond the grave; but O, that some less dreadful death might await them! How hard to die in this condition! O, the value of friends and relatives—how hard to be deprived of their society in the hour of dissolution!—*Save Lord,—we perish! Interpose between us and an awful death—exert thy saving energies and we shall be saved— withhold thy hand and we die! Let not this flood of trouble come upon us; we have but just tasted of the sweetest blessings of life; thou hast taught us to love our friends, our wives, our parents, our children, and even our enemies; we desire to have our lives prolonged for a season, until we have convinced others of a Saviour's love, and of the inutility of hatred; and then, let us die in peace—we ask no more.*

These and similar feelings doubtless per-

vaded their hearts, and desires similar to those thus feebly expressed were originated by those feelings. Hence, the burden of their petition, was simply, to be delivered from an awful death; and hence, too, the perishing condition in which they actually were at that time, was that, from which they hoped to escape.—This history of our subject, together with the primary application of it, will afford a moral which cannot fail to interest every heart; and if rightly understood and judiciously applied, will afford that kind of instruction which all need, and, I hope, all desire to receive.

The first thing to be noticed, is the circumstance which led them, ultimately, to address Christ in the language of the text.

It may all be expressed in one word: They had a proper sense of their entire helplessness and their dependence on Christ for deliverance. They, like other men, had recourse to every mean within their reach, before they consented to repair to the captain of their salvation. He was suffered to sleep, neglected, if not forgotten, till every hope of salvation from death and destruction (predicated on human exertion) had been destroyed. If they reflected at all on the subject, they must have concluded, that their divine Master had the ability and inclination to afford them every desired blessing. They had seen his acts of mercy and kindness—had witnessed his wonderful works—and had, themselves, in a particular manner, more than once, tasted of his temporal and spiritual bounty. They knew he was near them.—They had heard the prophetick assurance, (since verified by some poet,)

"Those wakeful eyes, that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise:"—

but, in compliance with nature's first principle, (a desire to help themselves,) they neglected to call on him, who is ever mighty and willing to save, until, by sad experience, they found themselves "without hope and without God in the world." This led them to Christ. We can easily conceive of their distress.—They had toiled incessantly to save themselves. Each nerve had been strained—each mind had been deeply agitated—every faculty had been exerted both of mind and body; until, at length, overcome by fatigue, discouraged by a want of success, and disheartened and appalled by the gloomy prospects before them, they abandoned, with one consent, their fruitless and unavailing labour, threw aside the implements of their profession, repaired to Christ, and with despair depicted on each countenance offered up to him, who only could save them, the humble, ardent, and contrite request which is the theme of our present subject! Ah! how unavailing and inefficient are the exertions of mortals, when directed against a war of elements or the frowns of Omnipotence! Great God!—How presumptuous are thy children!

A few important reflections are suggested by the circumstance just related.

First:—The condition of those men of old,

is similar to that of all mankind as relates to their connexion with Christ and their liability to neglect him until every other means of deliverance has been tried and found unavailing. Look abroad into the world. How few do we find, who are willing to submit unconditionally to Christ!—*Unconditionally did I say?*—"Ah yes!" "O," says the fearful sinner, "Jesus, the Son of God and high priest of our profession, was commissioned by the Father, on the bright morning of creation, to descend, on pinions of everlasting love, to this dark world of sorrow and death; mercy in radiant beams of glory, shone from his countenance;—compassion beamed from his eye; the tear of pity bedewed his cheek; and unborn—no, heaven-born benevolence was exhibited in every action of his short but glorious life, and in his painful but triumphant death! But, O, the terrors of his coming!—Justice—vindictive—Justice, demands my ruin!—Wrath, vengeance, and implacable indignation threaten my life, and demand my endless distress! Hell gapes wide to receive my trembling spirit; and unless something is done to quell the storm, eternal despair is my portion! Something must be done, and I must do it, or I am eternally lost! I am a moral agent,—hell is behind me—heaven is before me, and the means of escape from the one, and entrance into the other are within my reach! I must work or die!" *Hold—presumptuous sinner!* Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee.

Have we not just said, that he, who had power to still the tempest, came down from heaven into our world? Who sent him here, and for what purpose did he come? Let him vindicate his own character. "He that receiveth you—receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me."—Again; "Say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, 'thou blasphemest'; because I said, I am the Son of God?"—Again: "Unto you first, God having raised up his Son, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities." See Acts iii. 26. From this we learn, that Almighty God sent his Son into the world; and we next inquire for what purpose did he come? See Matt. x. 40. He came to seek and to save the lost! He came to save sinners, such as ourselves. And in this he only complied with the "will of him that sent him." See John iv. 34, and vi. 40.

What glorious truths are these! And how undeniable! *A devil would not deny them.* But what follows? *A truth as eternal as God!* God never would have sent his Son on this divine errand, if sinners were objects of hatred. He never would have commissioned his Son to have come into our world—angels to proclaim it, and believing saints to rejoice at his advent, had it not been determined, that the unnumbered millions of suffering intelligences, who were lost in sin should eventually be gathered together in him. *God be praised—glory to his Son—thanks to the Spirit of uncreated Love which formed the plan—*

grace, GRACE to him who brought forth the top-stone of a world's Salvation!!

Who can hear the divine declaration—"the Father loveth the Son and hath given all things into his hands," without feeling the most grateful emotions of love, gratitude and joy? And who can hear the soul-stirring voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased—or the solemn asseveration that all shall be subdued to Christ—at last to God, reconciled by the blood of the Cross, changed in the twinkling of an eye to a state of spiritual glory and incorruptibility, without feeling the heavenly impulse, and crying glory—"glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace," &c.

But here comes this doubting sinner again with tears of sorrow in his eye, and anguish in his heart! "O," says he, "if I could believe that the love of God, the power and benevolence of his Son, the energies of his holy spirit were sufficient for my own and a world's salvation, I would—what? Would you go on and sin forever? No, your hearts, my respected hearers, bear me witness, that could you but obtain that blessed hope, you would rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory! Yes, then too, you would go to Christ, and fling yourself unconditionally into his arms! Then your ropes and canvass would surely be handled with different motives:—you would then be obedient to your Master, your Captain, and your God; and instead of taking the lead in matters of great consequence, you would devoutly say, Lord Jesus thou art my Redeemer, I will follow THEE.

But we have already anticipated another particular which deserves notice.

Although under circumstances like those just mentioned, every sinner beholds an infinite fullness in the store house of grace, yet he also finds the *true efficacy of works*. He discovers, that although his divine Master is able and willing to effect the deliverance from death, sin and pain, of a world lying in wickedness, yet, that *works are essential*.

It is necessary for each sinner to go to Christ—to be up and doing—to go to him for instruction, for comfort, for salvation! But there is a wide difference between going to Christ for deliverance, and trying to purchase it at a stipulated price: There is a great contrast between those exertions of the creature which are produced by a desire to merit heaven, and those which are produced by a due sense of the love of God and the eternal fullness of his salvation: In a word, there is a difference between going *before* and *following after*! We are exhorted to follow Christ, in sincerity; which implies that we should not take the reigns into our own hands. A *willing* obedience is also required of us all, and a *forced* compliance with any law cannot be considered meritorious.

It is of great consequence to every Christian fully to understand this subject. He should be fully persuaded in his own mind, both of the fullness of Grace in Jesus Christ and the necessity of works of righteousness.

For example: we are commanded to love the Lord our God with our whole heart, and to do this *willingly*. Now, if we undertake to do thus, and are led so to do by fear of his *vengeance*, we commit a dreadful sin. For in a case like this, the burden of our song is, that we are *compelled* to do thus; whereas were it not for the dread of hell we would not do it,—and for this reason, because we cannot discover any thing in God, while reflecting upon his dreadful anger, which, of itself, is lovely. Hence we add *hypocrisy*, of the very worst kind, even *hypocrisy* before the Searcher of all hearts, to the sin of unbelief in the brightest evidences, and most glorious promises of a loving God! This will serve to elucidate our general subject.

We are required to work out our own salvation, and if the command be just, we have the ability to comply. But this command is connected with the declaration that "God worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure." Every Christian, then, as a follower of Christ, is under obligation to work—to work out his own present salvation by acts of righteousness; but he is not bound to work, believing that his eternal salvation rests upon his exertions; for he should constantly bear in mind, that the Author and Finisher of his faith, is also the Finisher of that glorious plan of redemption, which secures his own, and the salvation of a world of sinners!

But here comes up an objection. It may be said, that there is, in this case, but little, if any, encouragement to the sinner for living a holy, active, and useful life. Why so? Because, (it is replied,) this doctrine destroys the hope of eternal blessedness as a reward for keeping the commands of God. This would indeed be a hard matter, if there was no reward for well doing beside that of eternal salvation. But *is it so?* I say NO. There is a sufficient reward for keeping the commandments *in so doing*, which consists in the special salvation of the believer; and there is also a sufficient punishment for a non-compliance with duty, which consists in that damnation which attends unbelief and sin; and hence we infer the necessity of works, notwithstanding there is a fulness of Grace displayed and insured in the plan of Redemption.

This view of the subject takes away the difficulties which have generally attended the labours of ministers who have undertaken to show the necessity of works and the absolute salvation of *some* by grace. They have gone to work on the supposition that sin is not punished nor virtue rewarded in this life, and have been troubled to find out a plan to effect the salvation of *some* by grace exclusively, and at the same time to show the necessity of works, and the reward of righteousness. Let us only bear in mind, then, that the power, goodness, love, and mercy of God as manifested in Christ, are sufficient to warrant the utmost confidence in his ability and inclina-

tion to save to the uttermost, and that a belief in this truth will effect (together with the proper fruits of such faith) our *present* salvation from fear and sin, and every difficulty vanishes away, and the scriptures are harmonized.

This appears to be the moral of our subject. We should have faith—and our faith should not be dead, but should work by love and purify the heart. We should go to Christ, the Captain of our Salvation; let him lead us on by his precepts—copy his examples—imitate his kindness, his love, and charity, and repose in the arms of a compassionate Redeemer. In doing thus we shall reap a great reward: even that of conscious security while we live, and a sweet deliverance from death, sin, and the grave when we die. In this way we might spend our short and uncertain lives with joy, and our present, and last days would be days of peace.

IMPROVEMENT.—Brethren and friends:—The troubles, and trials, and temptations of this tempestuous world frequently threaten our destruction. The winds and waves, in a metaphorical sense, often beat upon us with fury, and the gulph of perdition and destruction appears sometimes to be open before us; and how is it with ourselves? Are we disposed to forget our Saviour and deny the Lord that bought us, by saying that his love and power are not sufficient for our necessities? Do we deny the efficacy of his grace, and prefer to lean our hopes on personal holiness? Do we presume to say in our hearts that without our co-operation, the salvation of our souls from sin, in eternity will never be effected? Or do we resign ourselves and all that we have into the hands of a merciful Saviour, believing that all shall be made willing in the day of his power? And do we, (if any are so happy as to have tasted the good word of God,) *do we*, I say, discover the great responsibility under which we are placed by the out-pourings of God's love upon a guilty world? How high, how broad, how deep are the counsels of benevolence! How feeble and impotent—how despicable and helpless is man! Away, then, with our own strength—help Lord Jesus—we perish—withhold thy hand, and we die!

AMEN.

THE FATHER AND SON.

Father. My son, I am grieved on account of your embracing the faith of the Universalists. I fear your endless well-being is in danger. I am convinced that your fatal error is the result of your misconception of the character of God, and of his plan of salvation through Christ the Mediator. God's justice must be satisfied, even at the expense of the endless destruction of rebellious sinners, who will not obey the Gospel of Christ.

Son. If my father please, I will endeavour to defend my faith, and expose those errors which have deceived him, both in relation to my faith, and his own.

Father. It will be a vain attempt, my son. You cannot alter the character of God, nor

dispense with his vengeance, which will certainly fall on the heads of the wicked. I tremble while I contemplate your condition, exposed to the never-ending wrath of an angry and incensed God.

Son. It is you, my dear Sir, who are the subject of error, as I will soon make appear, if your candour will acknowledge facts, and your prejudice submit to the control of reason. You already know, that my Faith, or Creed, is contained in the Scriptures; and that I cannot be condemned for my belief, unless I am condemned for believing God's promises, the testimony of his Son, and all his holy prophets. You acknowledged, in a recent conversation, that I believed as much as yourself, and more than you, with the exception of believing certain dogmas which you failed to find in the Scriptures; so that, as far as faith is concerned, I am in no more danger than yourself.

Father. This admitted, there is something yet wanting. *Works*, my son, must accompany faith; or, as Paul says, we shall be like a tinkling cymbal.

Son. It is charity, or love rather, which Paul makes the one thing needful.

Father. Then you admit that there is something *needful* to salvation. I now begin to conceive hopes of your returning to a sound mind. My son, supposing this *needful* thing should be wanting, what will become of your new-fangled doctrine?

Son. Father, supposing the Calvinistic Devil and Hell exists; and suppose also, that this Devil shall get all mankind, what will then become of your doctrine?

Father. You utter an absurd supposition; for if God exists, the Devil must be vanquished and the Redeemer's Kingdom prosper and be glorified.

Son. True, Father, you now defend my doctrine, and have become a coadjutor in the cause of truth, which I rejoice in. We both agree that there is one thing needful; and that it is *love*. My Bible informs me that "God is LOVE." God, then, my Father, is, emphatically, the one thing needful. If God shall be wanting, my doctrine must fall. But I have been taught, that "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto himself by Jesus Christ." I therefore, not only admit, but will contend firmly for the truth of the proposition, that *love* is indispensable to the salvation of mankind. Now, Sir, as "God is love," and this love infinite and unbounded, I contend for its sufficiency; and I now inform you, that *hatred*, the opposite to *love*, must exist, and overpower love, before one of the human race shall be doomed to endless ruin.

Father. My son, I still see that you mistake the character of the Deity. God is *just*; and much as he may be said to love mankind, he must love his own attribute of justice better.

Son. I must correct you, Sir. Prejudice has blinded you to the truth. God himself has declared, "I am a *just* God and a *Saviour*." Why, my dear Sir, do men, who pretend great

jealousy for God's glory, reject his declarations, and attempt to support his character by their own inventions? God says, I am a just God and a Saviour. Common sense teaches, that if a just God is a *Saviour*, an unjust being must be the reverse, and a *destroyer*! The conclusion is reasonable, my dear Sir, that a God of love must be a just God; and that a God of love will save and bless the objects of his love. I appeal to you, my earthly Father, and ask, Do you love me, *your son*?

Father. God forbid that I should ever do otherwise than love my children.

Son. Then, Father, you think it just to love your son, do you?

Father. I love you, because you are *my son*.

Son. Well, God loves men, because they are his children.

Father. You must remember that men have rebelled against God; and for their sins deserve his vengeance.

Son. I remember, Father, that God has said, "My children have rebelled," &c.; but they are, notwithstanding, his children. You talk of the vengeance of God. Will you remember that "God is love." Pray, Father, what is the vengeance of *love*? I wish you to answer this question; and, at the same time, to think of the vengeance of hatred.

Father. My son, you must not set traps to catch me. When I talk of God's vengeance, I mean a vengeance compatible with his *justice*.

Son. And I, Father, when I talk of God's justice, I mean a justice, compatible with his *love*. I tell you, Father, you cannot get clear of God's love.

Father. You err, my son, in supposing God's relation of Father, to be on a level with my relation to you. God, my son, is infinitely greater than I your earthly Father.

Son. And infinitely better too, I hope, Father; although I mean no disrespect by the comparison.

Father. Certainly, my son, your exception is very proper. I must admit that God is infinitely more holy and good than I, who am but dust and ashes.

Son. Our conversation has produced a remarkable association of ideas in my poor head, Father; and I hope you will not be offended if I bring them out for our mutual edification. I entreat you to inform me, Father, if you have not been moved to converse with me, by a motive of love, and concern for my well-being!

Father. My son, you have spoken the words of truth and soberness. My love for you, and my concern for your well-being, is my sole motive.

Son. Well, Father, I believe you, and I have been thinking it would give you much satisfaction to learn, that your son's well-being is secured beyond the possibility of accident, or danger. You have admitted that I have a Father in Heaven, infinitely greater and better than yourself; pray Father, am I not safe in his hands?

Father. My son, I dare not answer in the

negative; and the affirmative will plunge me into unlooked for difficulties. Let us reason together my son, and see if you do not deceive yourself, in the manner of stating your propositions, by which you think you have arrived at deductions favorable to your pleasing hypothesis.

Son. Father, I must slight you a little, for I have been invited by my Heavenly Father to reason together with him, and have been assured, that the consequences shall be, that my sins, although of the colour of scarlet and crimson, shall be as white as wool, or snow. Surely, Father, you will not ask me to reason with you, with an intention to produce a different colour!

Father. My son, I cannot suppress my fears. Something may be wrong; and all this fine-spun argument of yours fail in the end.

Son. Well, Father, after all, I must assure you, that I do not depend on my arguments for salvation. Pray, Sir, aside from your fears for my condition, have you no fears for your own?

Father. I will be candid. I have feared at times, and I have been unhappy in consequence; but now, since your conversion to this strange doctrine, apprehension for my own condition has been swallowed up in my anxiety and alarm for yours. I think, however, that I have learned from the scriptures, that the prophets and good men of old, were subject at times to a fearful despondency, which grew out of an humble sense of their own unworthiness, as sinners; and that they were refreshed by calling to mind the mercy, long-suffering, and compassion of God. In this way I recover strength, and hope alone in God's unmerited, free, and boundless grace and goodness.

Son. Well, Father, it seems we both land at last on the same foundation. The difference, however, appears to be this: I go straight to the mercy of God, being guided by His immutable promises. But you, Father (pardon my sincerity) have many crooks and turns in your faith. I must err in a far greater degree than I am at present willing to acknowledge, if my way is not the best supported by scripture and reason. Surely, Father, there is a meaning in the declaration, that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I pray you, Father, to try this pleasant and peaceful way, and see, peradventure, if you do not lose your fears on the road.

Father. Ah, my son, may God grant that neither of us shall be deceived; and find, when too late, that we have fatally mistaken the true course.

Son. My dear sir, "God is Love." Jesus the Mediator, shall answer all your scruples. "If ye then, being evil, know *how* to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in Heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

CAIAPHAS.

Dialogical Instructor.

Telescope and Miscellany.

"Earnestly contend for the faith."

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1828.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

TRUE WORSHIP.

"All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name." Psalm, 86th. 9th verse.

With all who admit the authenticity of the scriptures, and acknowledge their truth, it seems scarcely necessary to contend for the universality and general extent, of the meaning of this passage. Yet it is a fact; that many who appear very honest in their opinions, cannot believe that all men, or all nations, will ever worship God until they are obliged to bow by his omnipotence. (forgetting perhaps, that the scriptures declare that all shall be willing in the day of his power.) We will therefore inquire of the sacred oracles, how its import can be safely and truly determined. In the first place, the whole race of man is included by the term, "all nations;" and to show the mutual relation between them, we will apply to the 17th chap. of Acts. where we are informed, that God made of one blood, all the nations of men; and that we are also his offspring. Now if kindred blood flows in all our veins, there must be an affinity in our worship. And if we are all the offspring of God, who is a spirit, we must be in some measure, partakers of that spirit.

It is to know and understand our sacred relation, to our Almighty Father, that constitutes our happiness in this world; and their knowledge, becoming more perfect, when we are taught by his wisdom, will augment and complete it.

Suppose we admit for a moment, that this worship will be compulsory;—that all will be compelled to fall, before that power which knows no resistance; we destroy the import of the language, because all who really worship the Father must do it, in spirit and in truth; for he seeketh such to worship him;—and it must be the free-will offering of the heart, or it will not glorify his name.

For the devils believe also and tremble, because they know they have neither part nor lot in this matter; but such servility deserves not the name of worship, it is a mere confession of the lips, while the heart is enmity against God, and far from him.

When once we admit the universal extent of the goodness of God, and of his promises; we find little difficulty, in reconciling all the judgments and punishments, which he has pronounced upon the wicked; but we could not for a moment admit a literal construction of the passages which says: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," if that were to be endless in its duration; for all men are wicked, and all nations have at some time or other, neglected to worship the true God; and if ad-

mitted, would amount to the endless misery of the whole human race.

But we readily concede, that it is a simile, which teaches us that every transgression and disobedience, shall receive a recompense of reward; for the Psalmist says in this context: "For great is thy mercy towards me, and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." No one I think of common research and reflection, will contend that this hell at worst, was any thing more than a despairing consciousness of his infirmity, and the afflictions which he suffered thereby; nor can we admit that, "the soul that sinneth will ever literally die." Because, as the offspring of God, we have endeavoured to prove that we partake of his spirit—that the mind or soul of man is immortal, and never subject to death. Therefore, we are bound to conclude, that however severe the chastisements may be, which God in his wisdom will inflict on us, they are all calculated to produce our amendment and obedience to his will. And I contend against all the wisdom and philosophy of this world, that no sinner will be able to withstand the Almighty. But, in that day, when all shall become guilty before him, his rebellious spirit, and hardness of heart, will be subdued within him; when he sees his own unworthiness, and the supreme love and mercy of our God and Father. And the soul that transgresses God's law, must naturally suffer so long as it remains disobedient; but the day cometh when "the proud and all that do wickedly shall be stubble,"—when every evil affection will be destroyed; and every cloud, that obscures and darkens the mind of man, shall be dispersed; and we shall be changed from glory to glory, until the righteous shall shine forth in the kingdom of their Father.

Although this text teaches us the universal extent and effect of salvation: yet the time and manner of its accomplishment must be sought from other places; and as the infant mind gradually expands from its feeblest capacity, to the fullest exercise of the powers of imagination and feeling; so we, as babes in the gospel, are instructed by the grace of God, until we are enabled to perceive, what is the length and breadth and height, of the love of God toward us.

And God has given Christ power over all flesh; but with all our wisdom, we do not yet see all things actually subject to him; all are not saved from the wages of sin—are not free from the condemnation of the law; all have not hope in Christ as the only name given among men whereby we must be saved.—Therefore it appears plain, that all who die without a firm and steadfast hope in his salvation, must rise under the same condemnation, in which they lived in the world, and so continue, until God shall please to pour out his spirit on all flesh; and to reveal to our benighted minds his real character, which is universal love and good will to man; then all will feel the influence of that grace—his salvation be proclaimed and all flesh see it together.

er. And may God grant, that we may all so ask, that we may receive a hope full of immortality; and so seek, that we may find him, of whom Moses and the prophets wrote; to our everlasting peace, and the salvation of our souls, from every evil that is in the world;—and from the desponding fear of death—

"And all our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

GULIELMUS.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

Mr. Editor.—A disposition to communicate happiness, to my fellow-creatures; and of exposing the evil machinations of an aspiring priest-hood; are the only inducements, which have prompted me to write the following communication; the design of which, is, to expose the unrighteous means, which have been used by the orthodox clergy, residing in the vicinity of S—, to obtain proselytes to their exclusive creed. In doing this I shall pass by in silence, the disgraceful art, and management practiced by a Mr. T. in getting up what he termed a *revival of religion*; which he produced by exciting the animal passions of a few ignorant women and children: and afterwards published an account of the same in the Christian Mirror, in which, he was pleased to attribute the miserable effects of his own disgraceful conduct, to the *divine influence of the holy spirit*.

The characteristic features of the orthodox clergyman in the vicinity of S— are not very similar, to those of whom the apostle speaks as having "crept in unawares." They make it their business to creep into almost every house, to question the females, in the absence of their husbands; they generally commence their impudent interrogatories, by asking the over-awed females some of the following impertinent questions:—

Do you ever read your bible? Do you ever pray? Do you have a realizing sense of your own wicked and corrupt heart, of your utter unworthiness, and total inability of nature to do any good thing whatever? Can you not see, that it would be perfectly consistent with justice, for God to dam you to all eternity; and do you not despair of ever being saved on the ground of justice? He then, with a most piteous looking visage, expresses his concern for the future welfare of their precious, immortal souls; and invites them to attend his meeting; to conclude the conversation, he recommends to their perusal a few selected orthodox tracts, well charged with the dogmas of Calvinism, together with Baxter's Saint's Rest, the Assembly's Catechism, and other similar trash: he then leaves the timorous and half converted female, but not without an expression of sorrow occasioned, by the absence of the husband, which he is careful to preface with a promise of soon seeing them again.

Notwithstanding he always expresses his regret that, the husband is necessarily absent; I feel confident, that he would never

presume to enter the dwelling of an Unitarian or Universalist, unless he was convinced that the husband was absent: like the serpent of old, he ventures not with his temptation to the man, but makes the woman the subject of his attack and triumph.

This conduct of theirs, seems to answer the description which the apostle Peter gave of those, whom he said, should privily bring in damnable heresies; but, why do these clergymen try to palm, the incomprehensible mysteries contained in their dark and gloomy creeds, upon virtuous and unsuspecting females? Answer? It is because, they know that the passions of females are easier excited than those of the other sex; and if they can bring them to worship at the bloody shrine of the genevian murderer, that, they will exert an influence over their husbands and children favorable to their ecclesiastical designs. It is because they know, that, their tottering fabrick is depending solely for its support, upon their success in operating upon the fears of weak nerved females. These clergymen recommend their people to read the bible, to be sure; but if any of them, in the course of their researches after truth, should happen to be convinced of the fact, "that in the dispensation of the fullness of times, all things will be gathered together in Christ," these clergymen would very gravely tell them that they were given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind. Should any of their converts on examination of the sacred scriptures, become fully convinced, that their notions of the *trinity*, *vicarious atonement*, *total depravity*, *election and reprobation*, *irresistible grace*, *miraculous conversion*, *instantaneous change of nature*, &c.; have no support whatever in the scriptures of divine truth; and believing them to be diametrically opposed to plain common sense, and sound reason, should reject them, as being, in their opinions, utterly false; these ministers would immediately denounce them, as apostates from christianity. Thus it seems, that instead of trying to make men better, they are using every means within their reach to bring them to worship the image, erected by the heated imagination, of the founder of Calvinism: to compass this object, one would think, (judging from their actions) that, they were determined to sacrifice every principle of decency and decorum, on the altar of *sectarian prejudice*.

In their domiciliary visits, they command the woman to pray; but of what use, on their scheme, is there, in exhorting these women to pray? Will their prayers prove effectual in changing the unalterable decrees of Deity? Certainly not. Will they render the salvation of the elect, more certain? By no means. In regard to those whom, "God, has seen fit, to pass by, and ordain to dishonor and wrath for their sins, to the praise of his glorious justice," in regard to such characters, I say, is it reasonable to suppose, that they can in any manner be benefited, by the petitions of those

temales, whom the clergy have frightened into the attitude of prayer? Not at all; not at all. As it is perfectly clear then, that no being in the universe of God, can derive any possible benefit, from any of these prayers: the question naturally arises, what then, can they pray for? Why, say, these clergymen you must pray for the will of God to be done.

This command is, in my opinion, the very height of cruelty, it is demanding the non-elect to pray for their own damnation; which I think no man in his senses would be likely to do. I cannot, but pity the credulity of those, who can blindly swallow such indigestible dogmas!

Again. If it be true, as these clergymen affirm; that justice consigns the sinner to the unending wrath of an incensed God. It is equally true, that, nothing but cruelty and injustice possesses the power of saving him; and as all men are sinners, if any are finally saved by their God; it may be considered as proof positive, that he is an unjust being.—But just so certain as he is a God of justice, just so certain will he consign these clergymen, with all their followers, to the flaming abodes of never-ending tortures. I will now leave this soul-sickening subject, in doing which, I humbly pray, that I may never have occasion to notice it again.

With their permission, I would earnestly recommend to those females, who have not yet been lead captive, by these priests of Baal, under the garb of a pretended holiness; a constant perusal of the sacred scriptures, which contain an unerring rule, of faith and practice: which if duly regarded, will furnish them with every necessary requisite needed, in effectually opposing the importunities of those; who professing to be servants of the meek and compassionate Saviour, have arrogated to themselves the vicegerency of heaven.

My female friends—when these officious clergymen obtrude themselves upon you, for the purpose of manifesting their pretended love, to your souls; and concern for your future well being: you have only to give them to understand, that your confidence in the paternal goodness of your heavenly Father, is as great, as it is in them; and that his power is all-sufficient to accomplish every design which his goodness may dictate, and that you can rely with perfect safety on those promises, which assure us of the final, and complete triumph of righteousness and happiness, over sin and misery: and they will immediately desist from visiting you; but if you suffer yourself to imagine theirs to be in any way necessary to your happiness, they will take advantage of your confidence, and thereby render you miserable. May God in his goodness ever guard and protect you from the evil machinations of all such pharisaical impostures; and grant you the uninterrupted enjoyments of that glorious FAITH which works by love and purifies the heart!

Those females, who regardless of the feelings of their husbands; neglect their domes-

tic concerns, in running after their dear ministers; would I think, be benefited by a careful perusal of the directions, which St. Paul gave to his son Titus, which they may find recorded in the second chapter of Paul's epistle to Titus. To conclude, my christian friends, let us love one another, let us deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with the Lord our God: if we do this, we shall doubtless be accepted of him, in that day which shall try every man's works of what sort it is.

G. B.

Poetry.

FAREWELL.—BY LORD BYRON.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But wait thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell! Farewell!
These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again,
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief or passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell! Farewell!

Married.

In Newport, Mr. Bryan Doyle, to Mrs. Catharine Hinckley.

In Wrentham, on Monday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Fisk, Joseph J. Tillinghast, Esq. of East-Greenwich, to Miss Nancy Whitney.

Died.

In this town, on Friday last week, after a long and tedious illness, Captain John Jarman, in his 90th year.

On Sunday last, Margaret Jane, daughter of Mr. George Grafton, aged 6 years and 4 months.

On Monday afternoon, Clarissa Fitch, daughter of Mr. Henry Westcott.

In Olneyville, Mrs. Lydia Pettengale, aged 30.

In N. Providence, Mrs. Abigail H. Smart, aged 21.

In Warren, Mrs. Maria M. Ames, aged 26, wife of Mr. R. N. Ames, formerly of this town.

At Fall River, Miss Prudence Presbury, aged 40.

In Northampton, Mr. Isaac Moody, late of Brown University.

In Columbia, S. C. Mr. John Pierce, a patriot soldier of the Revolution. He was a native of this State.

In England, the famous Margaret Nicholson, an insane woman, who attempted to assassinate Geo. III. of England, some 42 years ago, and had been in confinement ever since. Her age is supposed to be 100!

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

TWO or THREE active, intelligent lads, as Apprentices to the Printing Business.—Apply at this office.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,

IN ALL ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE, On the lowest terms, and by the time promised.

UNIVERSALIST TRACT—NO. 1.
FOURTH EDITION.]
ONE HUNDRED
AND TWENTY
REASONS
FOR BEING A UNIVERSALIST,
OR A CONVERSATION
BETWEEN A BELIEVER IN THE
FINAL RESTORATION,
AND A SINCERE INQUIRER
AFTER TRUTH.

BY PAUL DEAN,

Pastor of the Central Universalist Church,
BOSTON, MASS.

UNIVERSALIST TRACT—NO. 2.
LETTERS

TO
LIBERAL CHRISTIANS,
ON
THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSISTENCY
IN
SUPPORTING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BY REV. W. A. DREW,

Editor of the Christian Intelligencer,
GARDNER, ME.

"Hang your banner on the outer wall."

For sale at this office; by Samuel W. Wheeler, 110 1-2 Westminster-St. and by Ephraim Miller, Pawtucket.
Providence, Saturday June 21.

THIRD EDITION,
BALLOU'S TREATISE ON ATONE-
MENT.

Just received and for sale by the Subscriber a number of Copies of the above hitherto scarce valuable, and unanswerable work. Those persons who have desired to possess themselves of a Copy, can now be supplied at 110 1-2 Westminster Street. This work has been the means of convincing some Sceptics and Deists of the truth of divine revelation.—Where may also be had the principal Works of Universalists, and a large variety of Sermons, some very cheap, such as Sermon on Intemperance, Reflections for a New Year &c.

ALSO,

A new supply of Dean's 120 Reasons for being a Universalist. Price 6 cts.

FOR SALE AT 110 1-2, WESTMINSTER-ST.
REMARKS

On the Letter from a Gentleman in Boston, to a Unitarian Clergyman of that City.

AND THE REPLY AND REVIEW OF THE SAME.

EXTRACT.

"He that has God's word should speak it plainly, for in this way only, can we honor the example of that champion of truth, who 'shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God,' and escape the error of those who hide their 'light under a bushel.' 20 pages, price 6 cents.